THE

Theatrical Observer:

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2184 *Wednesday, Dec.* 10, 1828. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

The Lord of the Manor was performed at this Theatre last night, followed by *Love in Wrinkles.* Though this Operetta is a fair pun upon the name of the fascinating Love, yet it is hardly literally correct, for there are no wrinkles to be seen; and, notwithstanding the snow-white front, and the antique dress, Miss Love contrives to look almost as pretty as ever. Braham's is really a much more complete metamorphosis than Miss Love's, for he most successfully transforms a middle-aged gentleman into a young and dashing officer, and a hitherto somewhat indifferent actor into one of the most lively, comic, and animated performers, it has fallen to our lot to see and admire.—*X. Y. Z.* concluded.—The house was moderately attended.

Covent Garden Theatre.

MISS NELSON, last night, repeated her performance of *Peggy,* in *The Country Girl.* We can add little to our previous notice, and must see her in another character before we can decide as to her capability to fill the important rank in the drama to which she aspires; her acting is very good in the scene where *Moody* dictates the letter, and subsequently where she indites the real effusions of her own feelings; this scene was full of nature, and was as cleverly acted as conceived. The new Ballet followed;—Mrs. Bedford, (formerly Miss Coulson) displayed considerable grace in her dancing;—we think this lady a great acquisition to the corps de ballet at this house. The Musical Farce of *Sublime and Beautiful* concluded, to an excellently attended house. We subjoin the song so beautifully sung by Miss Hughes:—

The hunters's horn the dogs are cheering
To mountaineers a sound endearing;
The silver lake is brightly gleaming,
The mountain rill is gayly streaming;
Haste, then, my love, and come away,
The signal is our native lay.
La, la, la.

But see the angry clouds propelling,
The snow-drift to our humble dwelling;
The timid flocks with lowly bleating,
Back to their sheltered fold retreating;
Haste, then, my love. and come away,
The signal is our native lay.
La, la, la.

We understand that the father of Miss Phillips, whose very successful *debut*, at Drury Lane, we had occasion to notice some time ago, is an Engineer and Surveyor, in Oxford Street. The young lady is not a pupil, as has been stated by some of our contempories, of Mrs. St. Ledger; she is under the care of a Mrs.Kearnes, to whom she has been articled for five years. Mrs. Kearnes receives the half of Miss Phillips's salary, and in return, we believe, finds her in board and dresses, besides giving her instructions.—*Morning Journal.*—[The Mrs. Kearnes here alluded to, was Mrs. St. Leger the actress.—Why this attempt is made to conceal the fact we know not.]

The scene-painters of both Theatres are engaged in preparing for their Christmas Pantomimes. Stanfield, who is recovered from a severe indisposition is said to have been peculiarly happy in the invention of some new and appropriate scenery, to accompany the grand Spectacle, which is prepared by Barrymore. Roberts and Grieve, at the other house, in conjunction with Farley, anticipate much from their joint labours. Neither Pantomime is yet named.*

* This article was by mistake omitted in part of our edition of yesterday, although announced on the placards.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday—I shall be found seated at the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, anxiously admiring the two new Views, the charming Village of Unterseen, and the Cloisters of St. Wandrille—quite bewitching! About two, I pop in to see Mr. Burford's New Panorama of Paris, and *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagration is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. On my return, I view his Exhibitions of Rio Janeiro, the City of St. Sebastian, Genoa, &c. Leicester Square.

On Tuesday, I wander through the various departments of that popular and attractive Lounge, the Royal Bazaar, 73, Oxford Street, and view The British Diorama, The Descent from the Cross, and the French Child, with the singular inscription of '*Napoleon, Empereur*' in its eyes

On Thursday, I step into Mr. J. J. Vallotton's, French Bazaar, 1, Old Cavendish Street, to see his *New Invented Gold*, which is Manufactured into every Fashionable Article—surpasses every thing that has been invented in this Country for Elegance and Durability—always remember Mrs. Pry in my purchases—charming woman!

On Friday, I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in Regent Street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Workshop. Afterwards, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

On Saturday, after dinner, Mrs. Pry amuses me with neighbouring tattle, while we sip charming Port or Sherry, had from the cheap London and Westminster Wine and Spirit Company, Strand.

Not to be out of fashion, I drop in at The Cigar Divan, *King Street, Covent Garden*;—with first-rate Cigars, excellent Coffee, the Magazines, Newspapers, &c. (for, as Mingle says, "there are lots!") I whirl away an hour—get my box filled with prime snuff, and then for the Theatres—but I intrude, beg pardon. Yours, RAUL PRY.

P. S. Called in at Wybrow's Music Warehouse—saw Sidney Waller—gave me a copy of "*Love from the Heart*,"—annexed a full-length portrait of the charming Miss Love, as *Don Giovanni*, by Gauci—excellent likeness—asked him to sing Love's last new song,—"The Lightest Bark"—beautiful melody—great hit.

Printed and Published by E. Thomas, Denmark Court, Exeter-change, Strand.
All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Play of

THE GAMESTER.

Beverly, Mr YOUNG,
Lewson.....Mr J. VINING,
Jarvis, Mr YOUNGE, Dawson, Mr THOMPSON,
Stukely, Mr COOPER,
Bates, Mr LEE, Waiter, Mr HONN R.
Mrs Beverly, Miss PHILLIPS,
Charlotte, Mrs W. WEST, Lucy, Miss WESTON.

After which, (15th time) a new petite Divertisement, called

THE BIRTH-DAY.

Principal Dancers.

Miss ROSA BYRNE, (Pupil and Daughter of Mr Oscar Byrne)
Miss ANGELICA, Miss RYAL, Miss BISEKI,
Misses MACDONALD, CHIKINI, LANE, PEARCE, JONES, &c.

To which, will be added the Farce, called

Green Eyed Monster.

Baron Speyenhausen, Mr W. FARREN,
Col. Arnsdorf, Mr COOPER, Marcus, Mr BROWNE,
Kraut, Mr HARLEY.
Amelia, Miss E. TREE, Luise, Miss LOVE,
Lady Spenhausen, Mrs FAUCIT.

To conclude with the Musical Farce of

TWO WIVES.

Sir William Prune, Mr HUGHES, Hon. Mr Trimmer, Mr LEE,
Flank, (alias Captain Bounce, alias Lawyer Johnson, alias
Humphrey Cod, Mr HARLEY,
Mrs. Trimmer, Miss A. TREE, Lady Prune, Mrs. KNIGHT.

To-morrow, Who Wants a Guinea ! with (first time) a new Drama.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the Comedy of

The Country Girl.

Moody, Mr FAWCETT,
Belvil, Mr DURUSET, Sparkish, Mr GREEN,
Harcourt, Mr WARDE,
William, Mr HOLL, Harry, Mr J. COOPER,
John.....Mr HEATH, Robin....Mr TURNOUR.
Alithea..Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Lucy, Mrs GIBBS,
Peggy.....by Miss NELSON,
Her 3rd appearance on any Stage.

After which, (3rd time) a new Divertisement, called

Offerings to Venus.

Principal Dancers.
Mr D'ALBERT, (from the King's Theatre)
MesdamesBEDFORD, VEDY, ROUNTREE, RYALS, GRIFFITHS, THOMASIN, EGAN, SHOTTER, KENDALL, F. MARSHALL.

After which, (4th time) a new Musical Entertainment, (founded on THE SULTAN) called The

Sublime & Beautiful.

The Music by Mr A. LEE.

The Sultan.....Mr WOOD,
Mustapha, Mr KEELEY,
Mirza, Mr HENRY, Merchant, Mr FULLER,
Captain Radnor, Mr DURUSET,
Sailor, Mr Fuller, Slaves, Mess. Heath & Matthews.
Florestine, Miss HUGHES,
Elizabeth..... Madame VESTRIS,
Cilena, Miss REED.

To-morrow, Othello, and The Beggar's Opera.